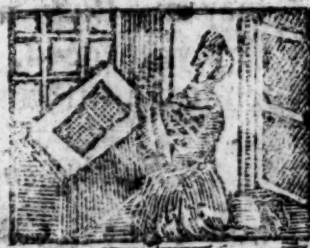


THE
SINCERE CHISTIAN's
Devout Companion,
OR,
How to LIVE ONE DAY to
G O D.



Set forth in a large Collection of Spiritual
Songs and ejaculations; proper to be
had in all Christian Families.

How to Live one Day to God.

When you first awake.

WHEN waking in the morning say;
O Lord preserve my Soul this Day;
From every Evil let me free,
And give me power to live to thee.
Accept my praises, with my pray'r,
For thy protecting love and care,
Who plac'd thy Angels round my bed,
To skreen from harm my naked head.

When arising from your Bed.

O Lord I as from my Bed I rise,
So may my Body mount the Skies,
With joyful speed, at that great Morn,
When it shall from its Dust return.

Putting on your Cloaths.

As now I put my Raiment on,
O grant, thou co-eternal Son
That in thy Righteousness array'd,
at last lift up my Head.



Leaving the Room.

Sweet Jesus, thou my guardian be,
 And give me power to live to thee,
 My soul and body both protect,
 And all my works and ways direct.

Washing yourself.

Water indeed may cleanse my skin,
 'Tis only thou canst wash our sin,
 That I with the may have a part,
 Lord wash my hands, my head, my heart.

At Breakfast.

O Lord whene'er I taste my Food,
 May I be mindful of thy blood,
 Thro' which the bread of life is given
 To saints on earth, and all in heaven.

Going to School, or Labour.

O Lord direct my heart and hand,
 To think and act by thy command,
 And let it be my great concern,
 Thy holy law to love and learn:
 Seeking for perishable food,
 Let me not sin against my God:
 Let not vain things have all my heart,
 Not worthy of the smallest part.

At Labour.

In honest labour whilst employ'd,
 In part I do the will of God:

O let thy blessing now come down.
My honest Industry to crown.

Returning from Labour at Noon.

The fiery chariot of the Sun,
Now half its radiant course has run,
May I thus hasten to my Goal,
'Till days and hours shall cease to roll.

Before Dinner.

O Lord, thou hast a table spread,
Vouchsafe to sanctify our bread;
And let the noble gift be given,
Bread that cometh down from heaven.

At Dinner.

O Lord the riches of thy grace,
Demand the most exalted praise;
Thy very blessings cry aloud,
Give glory to the donor, God.

After Dinner.

O LORD thou hast my body fed,
Vouchsafe to give me living bread;
And grant that I sustain'd thereby,
May live with thee eternally.

Returning to Labour.

Returning to my labour, Lord,
'Thy further help to me afford,
Support me still this afternoon,
And keep me till thy work is done.

At Labour.

Send down thy blessings, Lord, I pray,
 On what remains to do this Day,
 And grant that my design may be,
 Whate'er I do, to do in thee.

Returning from Work.

As now I lay my business by,
 Grant, dearest Lord, that when I die,
 My task of life as this Day's toil,
 May be accepted with a smile.

Having got home.

Returning to my earthly home,
 My friends with joy I see,
 Sweet Jesus, when I'm called hence,
 May I thus meet with thee,
 And in the blest eternal home,
 A refuge find from ev'ry storm.

In the evening.

The globe of golden light goes down,
 how quick the evening shades come on,
 The earth a dreary waste appears,
 And all a gloomy aspect beats,
 Thus thy blest influence if withheld,
 My soul's with gloom and darkness fill'd,
 I seek for happiness in vain,
 'Till thou my light return again.

Before Supper.

**Forbid it Lord that I should sup,
 And then like Judas throw it up;
 And sinning my dear Master fell,
 Dooming thereby my soul to hell.
 Rather like John let me recline
 My head on that dear breast of thine,
 At once receiving from my God,
 A blessing to my soul and food.**

At Supper.

**O Lord come now and sup with me,
 And grant that I may sup with thee
 Come fill my heart with thy rich grace,
 And loose my tongue to sing thy praise.**

After Supper.

**O Lord I thank thee for this food,
 I bless thy name for every good;
 Thou kindly dost my wants supply,
 And always hears thy children cry.**

Entering your Bed-Chamber:

**Now Lord I leave the busy world,
 And would retire to thee my God,
 O dearest Saviour hear me pray,
 Forgive the Evils of this Day;
 Blot out my every wilful sin,
 And what in thy pure eyes has been
 Imperfect, or might be adhor'd
 By thee, O holy, holy Lord.**

Undressing.

E'er long I must uncloath'd appear,
Before the Lord's impartial Bar;
And disembodied there await
The sentence of my final state.
But O dear Saviour let me not
But there found naked or forgot
By thee my Lord, but let my dress
Be all thy perfect righteousness.

Lying down in Bed.

Sweet Jesus, on thy downy breast,
My head reclin'd, O let me rest;
My pillow thy dear bosom be,
My kind protecting Saviour thee,
If fancy rove in airy flight,
Conduct it to the realms of light,
And in the midnight gloom display,
The glories of eternal Day.

Waking in the Night.

O Lord thy guardian care I bless,
Thy servant thou hast kept in peace,
Still keep me in this midnight hour,
From the seducer's boasted power;
No sleep or darkness know thine Eyes,
No subtle foes can thee surprise;
Therefore in quiet shall they sleep,
Whom Israel's God vouchsafes to keep.

An HYMN.

A WAKE my Soul, awake and cry,
 To GOD that reigns on high;
 Ten thousand thousand Praises bring,
 O him that rules the Sky.
 Hosanna in the highest Strains,
 That mortal Breath can take,
 But you that fill the heavenly Plains,
 Shall give him higher Praise.
 Ye Angels that behold his Face,
 To praise the Lord conspire,
 But did you know redeeming Grace,
 You'd raise your Voices higher.
 Ye Spirits blest'd who've run the Race,
 And drank the living Stream.
 Join in the great Redeemer's Praise,
 And sing his sovereign Name.
 Ye Mortals learn to lip the Song,
 And tell the charming Tale;
 Ye echoing Hills the Sound prolong,
 And waft it thro' each Vale.
 All Praise to God, the mighty King,
 Hosanna in the highest,
 Let all the World their Praises bring,
 To GOD and to His CHRIST.

FINIS.

